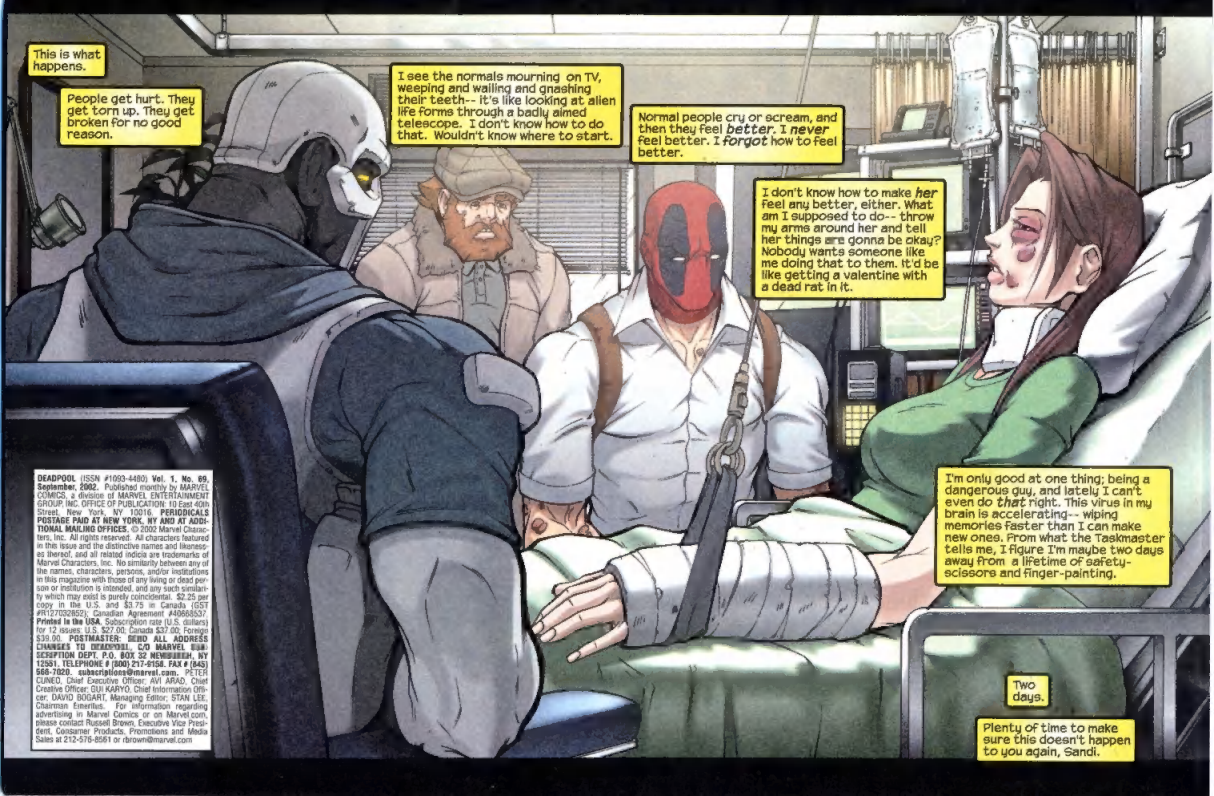
MARVEL® COMICS
DEADPOOL
MARVEL PG 69
SIMONE
UDON
DIRECT EDITION
Scanned by
Hans Dampf
59606 03703 2
$2.25 US $3.75 CAN


This is what happens.
People get hurt. They get torn up. They get broken for no good reason.
I see the normals mourning on TV, weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth-- it's like looking at alien life forms through a badly aimed telescope. I don't know how to do that. Wouldn't know where to start.
Normal people cry or scream, and then they feel *better*. I *never* feel better. I *forgot* how to feel better.
I don't know how to make *her* feel any better, either. What am I supposed to do-- throw my arms around her and tell her things are gonna be okay? Nobody wants someone like me doing that to them. It'd be like getting a valentine with a dead rat in it.
I'm only good at one thing; being a dangerous guy, and lately I can't even do *that* right. This virus in my brain is accelerating-- wiping memories faster than I can make new ones. From what the Taskmaster tells me, I figure I'm maybe two days away from a lifetime of safety-scissors and finger-painting.
Two days.
Plenty of time to make sure this doesn't happen to you again, Sandi.

DEADPOOL (ISSN #1093-4480) **Vol. 1, No. 69, September, 2002**. Published monthly by MARVEL COMICS, a division of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 10 East 40th Street, New York, NY 10016. **PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** © 2002 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. $2.25 per copy in the U.S. and $3.75 in Canada (GST #R127032852; Canadian Agreement #40668537 **Printed in the USA.** Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. $27.00; Canada $37.00; Foreign $39.00. **POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO DEADPOOL, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. P.O. BOX 32 NEWBURGH, NY 12551. TELEPHONE # (800) 217-9158. FAX # (845) 568-7020. subscriptions@marvel.com.** PETER CUNEO, Chief Executive Officer; AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; GUI KARYO, Chief Information Officer; DAVID BOGART, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Russell Brown, Executive Vice President, Consumer Products, Promotions and Media Sales at 212-576-8561 or rbrown@marvel.com

Don't tell me he's been arrested already. Just *don't*.
It was her boyfriend. Apparently, this isn't the first time.
Cops on this yet?
I had a dog. It bit me eight times. In the *pants*.
Who knows? Doc says she'll be okay, but...
Please don't talk about me like I'm not here.
Come on, knock it off. We all know you're just doing this for the attention.
Heh.
You *like* that hospital food. You just *came* here for the creamed corn and luxury bedpans, I bet.
Don't... make me *laugh*.
Oh, *or-der-ly!!!* Could you please bring me some strained beets and ten thermometers?
No... the *other* kind.
Heh. Idiot.
Better make that *twenty* thermometers.
Huh. Turns out I *am* useful, after all.
Hey--
--Didn't your mother ever tell you that you oughtta be hanging around *nice* guys?
Yeah. Guess I should find some, huh?

Sandi, I have to find this Black Swan guy who put this *thing* in my head. Maybe he can--I don't know--restore my hard drive or something.
Or maybe he'll just kill me. Either way, I can't stay. I'm sorry.
I know. I'll be okay. You go. I'm tougher than I look right now.
I'll stay a while, Wilson. I got time.
Okay. Good. But Sandi, before I go -- this "boyfriend" of yours...
I don't want Jerry killed.
But... look at what he...
But... but...
I don't want his death on my conscience. Promise me, Mr. Wilson.
GAAAAAAAAH!
All right. You win. No killing.
Well, *that's* a fine how-do-you-do. Why not tell the birds not to sing? Why not tell beer not to be sudsy and flavorful?
But I don't want to see him *around* again, either.
And that's all I'm going to say about that.
I'm tired. Sleep now.
Hey, Wilson...good luck, man.

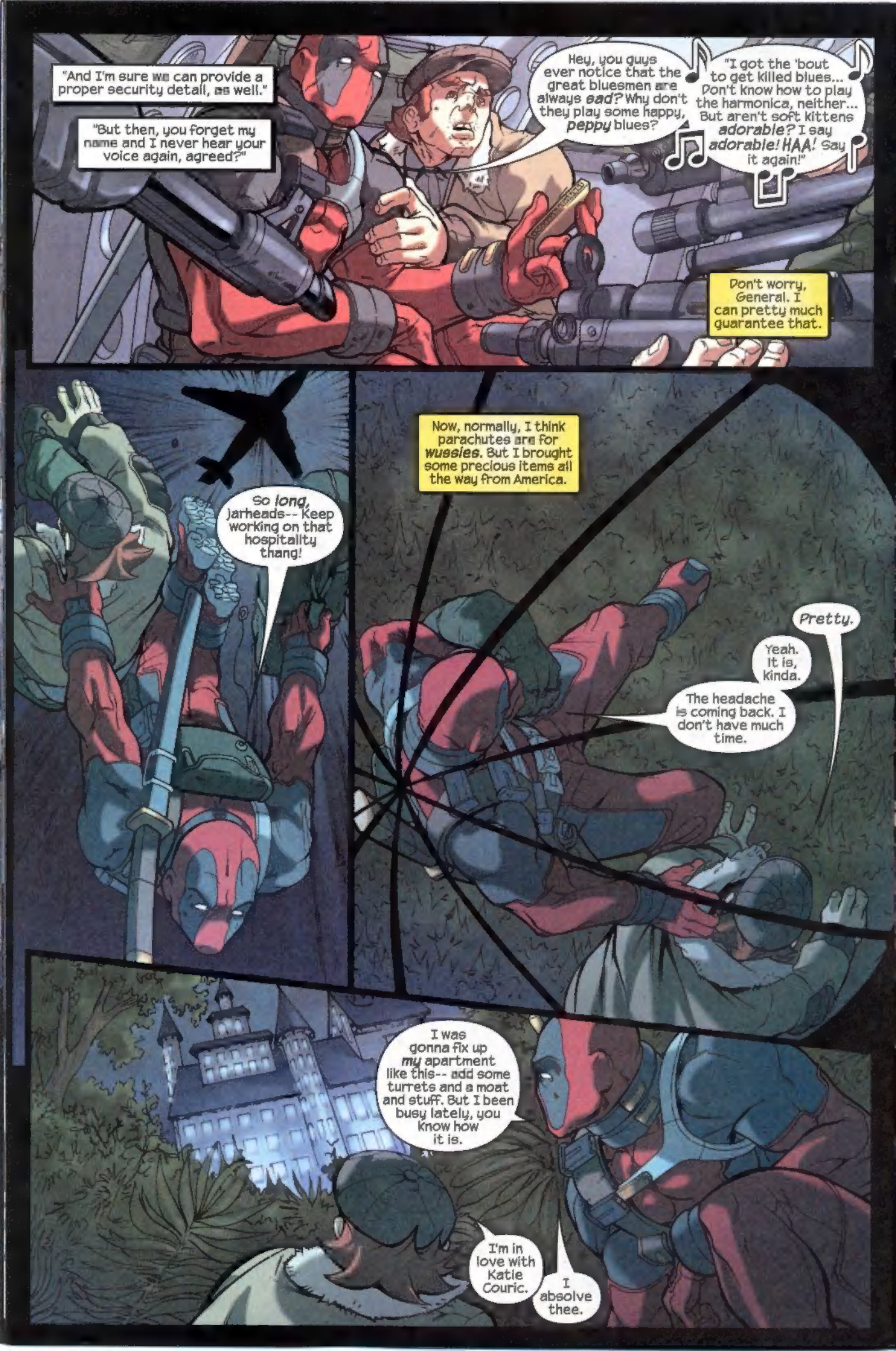
"I don't want his death on my conscience." If that's what having a *conscience* means, I'm glad I don't *have* one. ÷fume pout fume!÷
You!
The woman in that room-- from this minute on, she gets *everything she wants.* If she wants ice cream, you kidnap Ben and Jerry. If she wants a champagne sponge bath, you personally do the swabbing. Are we clear?
Uh...yes, sir. Very clear.
Hey! Hot soup! *Hot soup!!! I spilled it in my lap! Chunky lap soup! Caution!*
RRRRRRR! Bad guy! *He! bad! Hitting!*
No, dearest chum Ratbag, that's a *good* guy. You can tell because he has a *mop.* Come on, we've got things to do.
He knows who you are, Swan. The girl uncovered the information. I'll return on the next flight to prepare for his assault.
You're asking me to kill an injured woman, asleep in a hospital bed. Am I correctly understanding your directive?
Forget the trouble she's caused *me,* Nijo. She works for *Wilson.*
Have you forgotten that he shot all Four Winds, including your own *brother?*
Wilson will pay his debt at my hands, as we agreed. Wilson, and no other.
Get someone else to do your spying and peeping for you.
Nijo? *Nijo!!!*

Two hours later and four blocks away...
HEY!
Guuhhh!
Hello, Jerry.

Come on, dude, I was *leaving*. She'll never *see* me again. You don't need to...
Sooner or later, Jerry-- *everybody* pays.
Aw, come on, come on... I'll *leave*. I *swear* it.
Be quiet, Jerry.
You owe a bill here...
...and your credit is no good.

Much later...
I want you to understand something. You owe your life to Sandi. She's the only reason you're not a huge red clot right now.
urnnnhh...
Because I made a promise.
Damn it.
Urg. Kaff!
That... witch.
You know, it's a funny thing--
-- but I didn't promise her squat.

The offices of DP, INC...
Go shave and sandpaper your breath, boy wonder. I've got some calls to make, and then we're headed for Germany.
To the rat-poles!
No. I don't want to know what you're doing.
Just...be careful.
You want what?
No, no-- I can get it. I think.
Well, when I have to go, I make sure they're fully retracted. Hey, who is this?
"Do I have Bucky in a can?" That's in pretty poor taste, mister.
No, I will not do that. Not that, either, you disgusting pervert!
HAHAHA!
Listen, your boss owes me a favor, and I intend to collect.
Very well, Mr. Deadpool. We'll arrange your transport, no questions asked.


"And I'm sure we can provide a proper security detail, as well."
"But then, you forget my name and I never hear your voice again, agreed?"
Hey, you guys ever notice that the great bluesmen are always *sad*? Why don't they play some happy, *peppy* blues?
"I got the 'bout to get killed blues... Don't know how to play the harmonica, neither... But aren't soft kittens *adorable*? I say *adorable! HAA!* Say it again!"
Don't worry, General. I can pretty much guarantee that.
So *long*, jarheads-- keep working on that hospitality thang!
Now, normally, I think parachutes are for *wussies*. But I brought some precious items all the way from America.
Pretty.
Yeah. It is, kinda.
The headache is coming back. I don't have much time.
I was gonna fix up *my* apartment like this-- add some turrets and a moat and stuff. But I been busy lately, you know how it is.
I'm in love with Katie Couric.
I absolve thee.

He's here.
I fear I shall have to admit that I do not choose my annoyances well, Nijo. I've spent far too much time [redacted] Wilson for the small amount of pleasure his discomfort has given me.
Let him come.
Pinter, take the carriers and see if you can fetch him here. You have my permission to wound him, if you can. Mind the landscaping, please.
Yes, Swan.
And put the Valkyries in the CD, won't you? No...the Twilight.
Oh, please. Not the Wagner *again*...!
When this is over, I'm buying you [redacted] Radiohead.
RAAOOOOOOORRRRR!
Aaah! Mutant dune buggies! They want our women! They *want our women!*
Hey, wait a minute... I just remembered that I'm completely *mental.*

That gives me refreshingly new set of options.
Hey, guys. Let's carpool!
Now, if you'd have been securely seat-belted, this wouldn't have happened at all.
Safe mutant dune buggying is accident, says 'Pooley, the Safety Freak!
KRRRR-THUMMMM!
What...?
He's downstairs!
My beautiful, beautiful foyer. Oh, no. No.
He's in the castle. Come on, this way.
What? How do you know which way he...?

My portrait!
Call it a hunch.
Don't break my heart. My shake-y, quake-y heart.
Good Lord. He's using country music!
He dies! He dies screaming!
What if God liked one of us?
The sound system is in my den. Haste!
He's moved on to alternative folk rock! This is one evil man.
Hello, Swan.
Hope you don't mind that I made myself at home.

You...you've... destroyed...
Near as I can figure it, here's what happened: Y■■ put a virus in my brain... it eats away at every memory I have, eventually leaving me a twice-baked potato with a drool problem and no sharp objects allowed.
And you did this *why*? Because I shot the Four Winds, and that was supposed to be *your* hit, correct?
Y■■ killed my *brother*, you son of a...
Oh, Nijo, Nijo...
...don't be an idiot.
I shot the Four Winds.
Mr. Wilson shot ■ fruit plate and a butter dish.
No, Mr. Wilson. You were failing, glass flying everywhere. You couldn't have made those shots.
But you ruined what should have been a fitting end to my career. My swan song, if you will.
I'm uncertain how you've kept what's left of your mind still functioning ■■ far, Mr. Wilson. But it ends now.
Wait.
I didn't go through customs. Don't you want to check my bag?

It's a bomb, Swan. It's the bomb-diggity. Five minutes and your little Barbie Dream Castle becomes a unique fixer-upper.
I'm to believe you'd detonate this device, though you, too, would die?
Might. Might not.
What is it you *want*?
06:09
You're good with brains. Fix *him*.
It might not *work* like that...It's *difficult*. I can move files, but something like this...
...very well. I'll try.
05:38
Better *hurry*.

Whu... what.
Don't. Scared.
Don't... PLEASE!
It's not working. Stop. Now.
Ooww! HUUURRTSS!
I said now!
What's... happening? Mr. Wilson, what...
gnuh... ahh...
Ratbag, if you got your head twisted on right, you get the hell out of here. Run. Run as fast as you can.
But...I can see now. I remember! My whole... my whole life!
Run!

You can't do that for me, can you?
No. His mind was just miswired. Your data has been erased permanently, and the virus has no antidote.
And you're not going to give me the code to stop the detonation, [redacted] you?
Nope. You made this bed, now blow up in it.
I suppose I'll have to try to find [redacted] in that creaking Ferris wheel you call a mind, then.
Ypee-ki-yay, peanut butter.
En Garde, Herr Wilson.
Up yours, Pirate Pete.
Give me the code, Wilson. If I defeat you, I may just get out of the castle in time--
--and that would be very unfortunate for your friends' futures.
He's distracting me... he's in my mind--I can *feel* him, digging around [redacted] there.
Guess... hunh?....I'd better *keep* you here then, huh?
What a perfect time to find out that this guy is actually a great swordsman. Like I didn't hate him *enough*.
Maybe if my brain wasn't toasted lightly--but I can't beat him at sword-play. Not now.
Know who taught me this? Batroc the Leaper. Great guy, bad goatee. Bad outfit, too. Also smelly.
Uhnn...

Oops. You know, I told Ratbag not to [redacted] there, but he just couldn't wait. Bad Ratbag! Bad!
Hey, no [redacted] said stabbing [redacted] allowed!
Give me the code, you imbecile. The code!
GIVE ME THE CODE!
Heh. Startin' to panic a little, Bird Boy?
His power's going haywire. I can think his thoughts, now...
You got...just under two minutes left, Swan. Know what I think?
I think it's a good thing I can play the harmonica one-handed. Let's have a hoedown!
Swing your partner do-si-do Marry your cousin, there you go!
Come on, Mr. Black-- You wanna be in my head so badly?
Okay, fine...

WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE!

BRRRRRRRING
BRRRRRRRING
Sandi? Sandi, it's me, Erik... yeah, yeah, *Ratbag*. I'm okay. First time in... well, a long time. Yeah, happy. But Sandi, listen-- Mr. Wilson...
...he's not coming back.
He... left a box here for me-- I think he knew this was coming. Good luck, Mr. Ratb...
Good luck, Erik.
TO: SANDI
FROM: WADE
Heh. Idiot.
BOING
BOING
BOING
BOING
BOING

Not so pretty, is it? Want a piece of news, Swan?
Guys like you make me retch. You don't mind killing as long as you put a doily on the corpse. And you know what else?
00:34
Bet you never expected this telepathy thing to be a two-way street. I *see* you, Swan. I *know* you now.
I know you're afraid. And it was *this* ignoble, ill-mannered, brain-sick *commoner* who got the best of you.
Goodbye, you insufferable *snob*.
00:15
Htt. Okay. The code. What was the code?
Oh, yeah. I wrote it on my hand so I wouldn't...
00:07
...forget. Uh-oh.
00:03
Heh. Ha.
HA HA. *Wrote it on my hand!*
00:01

HA!

HEALING FACTOR: FINALE

CHAPTER THREE

Story by	Art by UDON with Arnold Tsang, Andrew Hou, Eric Vedder, Omar Dogan & TheRealT!	UDON Asst. Chief	UDON Chief	Letters by	Assisted by	Edited by	Chief	President
Gail Simone		Rhys Yorke	Erik Ko	Dave Sharpe	Yoshii & Raicht	Lis & Marts	Joe Quesada	Bill Jemas

Dedicated to the creative teams who made Deadpool so messed-up and entertaining, and to the loyal readers who kept Wade going when Speedball only lasted about an issue and a half.

Make that twenty thermo-torms!
Thermo-menors! Thermo...
For god's sake, Wade-- I thought you were a professional.
HA!HA!HA! I can't say, "Ther-MORTIMER!" HA!HA!HA!
My cast itches.
Pretty.
Yeah. It is, kinda.
HA!HA!HA! Re-take! Re-take! HA!HA!HA!
Dammit.
HA!HA!HA! Nice driving, there, Mario!
That's it, call my agent! And an ambulance. And someone look for my liver!
Th-th-th-th- GO HOME, FOLKS!
NOT THE END!
JOIN GAIL, UDON, DAVE ET AL IN TWO WEEKS FOR--
AGENT X